## 

THE STORY OF A FAMILY FEUD AND RUNAWAY MATCH IN TENNESSEE.

BY MARTHA M'GULLOCH WILLIAMS

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thar a year."



HE cinch play- good look n and a mighty fine house ers in the back keeper," Jim Wilson said soothingly, room of the store looked up from can't hardly blame Tennessee. A big their hands as house is mighty lonesome with no wo-Squire Jordan came in. No oth- blame him, neither, time she's been er resident of Tiger Tail could have distracted them to that de hot," the squire roared. gree. Tiger Tail is Tennessee ter-

ritory, yet abuts upon Kentucky. It is not, of course, down on any maps, not ing heartily. He was a big fellow, as even the local ones. To be exact, its metes and bounds are known accurately only by outland folk, who, say those of Tiger Tail, live in such ill conditioned regions as Possum hollow, Wildcat, Texas and the Cooney range. Still the Tiger Tailers do not quite deny that Tiger Tail exists. They are nebulous only as to its whereabouts.

"Howdy, squire? Want to play? Take my hand," Jim Wilson, the storekeeper, sald, making as if to rise from the table. The other three players laughed uproariously. "He's a beauty boy; that's what Jimmy is," one of them said. "He's just nine under the table, squire. Of course he wants to be polite."

The squire laughed. "I'll play and pay if I lose out, Jimmy," he said, "but of I beat them rascals over tharyou must do me a little small favor."

"Anything you say, squire," Jim said, handing over the cards. The squire chuckled, but masked it with a scowl as he answered: "Better not promise too brash, son. What I want is for you to thrash Tennessee. Think you can do it?"

"Why, that is sorter jubous," Jim responded. The others let fall their cards, looking significantly one at the other. Tom Turner, the squire's partner in the game, whistled and said, still pursing his lips:

"So I suppose Tennessee's mind is set on Milam's gal."

The squire nodded. "And mine as set that he shan't have her. I reckoned I'd find that gentleman here and come just a-purpose to give him the word with the bark on it."

"I always said that boy'd give you trouble ever sence you went and give him that jography name," an oldish man, who had just come in, said shrilly.

The squire looked at him and chuckled again. "It had to be jography Tennessee asked airily. "I'm just 'rithmetic," he said. "Blame your skin, Bill Jordan, you know that as well as me. Seben brothers of us, all in one poor neighborhood, and the last one of us too lazy to move out, would put old man Solomon to his trumps for names. I didn't start as soon as the rest of you neither. Time I begun to raise a family you had doubled and tribbled on all the handy Scripcher names."

"Don't you reckon this is sorter a judgment on you, squire? Remember how many runaway couples you've married"- another of the cinch players began.

The squire silenced him with a look. "Do you think I'm goin to belittle my office by not doin what I was 'lected to do?" he asked severely. "I have married runaways-oh, yes, twenty-seben couple-but every last one of 'em come from Kentucky. Up that they have to have written consents from the parents before they can git a license. Is it my fault that I happen to live on the straight road from Kentucky to Bellsboro? Of course mine's a handy place to them young folks. All they got to do is to have the license waitin



"I WANT A BIG PARTY CHRISTMAS EVE." for 'em, and they're married hard and fast, as well as a preacher could do it. ef I do say it myself, time they've been half an hour on Tennessee dirt."

"S'posin your Tennessee should run

away"- the squire's brother began. "Where'd he run to?" the squire interrupted pointedly. "I hear old man Milam's about as shy as I am over the match. That's one thing makes me so mad. Thinkin of that old kildee, mighty nigh as mean as a horse thiefhe is darin to object to his gal's marryin a Jordan."

"I always told you thar was sin in quarter racin. You and old man Milam liam Jordan said meditatively. quarreled over it 20 years back," Wil-

The squire snorted a blt. me \$10 on that skewbald of his, and then claimed he'd won because my saddle turned," he said. "That shows

the pizen meanness of the breed." "Well, Betty can't help that She's the other." "Bound to be that a-way. Tennes-

see's all the child his pa has got," Tom fellow must be shootin his Christmas guns early."

"Them ain't Christmas guns. They're too close together," the squire said, walking to a window, open in spite of from the cloping pair. the rain. "Besides, they ain't comin right. They sound up towards Kentucky."

"I bet it's a runaway couple," Jim piazza, with the crowd pellmell at his heels. "I bear horses and wheels and folks hollerin!" he shouted back over his shoulder as he darted down the steps. Tennessee was close behind springing out and handing down his him, so close that the darkness swallowed them at the same instant. All disheveled and smiling through her the rest could hear now out upon the tears. big road a confused and strengthening medley-shouts, cries, curses, galloping hoofs, whirring wheels, sharply ever come thar, not while my head is punctuated now and again by a drop-

ping shot.

"Runaways! They're comin in! Hear 'em! They're through the gate! Here, squire! Get on the bottom step, with your lantern ready! You'll have to do a quick job this time, sure!" Tom Turand setting the little squire in the forefront of them. He was scarcely steady upon his feet when a horseman daughter. upon a panting and foam covered beast | dashed into the clair obscure of the lantern light, crying out: "Fetch the squire! Quick! He knows me-George Perdue! Here's the license, squire. Fellow I know-stole his gal-old man's right behind-got a Winchester and the sheriff. Tie 'em quick as you can. Thar ain't a minute to lose. It's all right, I tell you! Thar they comethat couple in the buggy ahead!"

The squire seemed to swell, to stand an inch taller. He could hear above the labored panting of the two horses which drew the buggy the noise of other horses coming as furiously, cries and curses, too, and the crack of a rifle,

Sounding above the tumust din and at ex That message comes draint of by saints . U sages

Who saw His day dolyn bright of human life.

Proclaimed His with with anthems from the skits.

And they apt shapperds, roused from visions holy.

Saw heaven's bosts arrayed before their eyes

And they took up the angel choir's release.

And these tone weary, waiting for this torn

Were stad with low unspeakable Adok beary again

id's hope, the promitted Christ

Ab. never sings the days by Dody streethen

When the stars sang together tought his thron

Was sone so stand as first of the person diation

And with that star which led the Magi's way

The infant Christ as In His stable crib He lay.

He kame the harbinger of peace and gladness.

Alaskwill Ever come that bright tomorrow

then man to man no longer will bring sorrow

Surcease of wrong, the end of deadly strife.

Istill lust of power and wealth and warfare's madness

Sway the wide world-as ne'er before are rife.

When love and loy shall reign o'er all the earth

And peace shall be, as promised at His birth?

From the far kast, with sewels for adorning

The befald angels o'es His cot so lowly

a young woman to the members of her

club, and as all were full of the mer-

for them.

so mighty close to one 'nother, them glancing glare. Stradying himself on two. Wharever you see or hear the Tom Turner's shoulder, he said in his one you're mighty apt to see and hear loudest, most official voice to the pair hidden in the buggy's cavernous re-

"Do you and each of you solemnly said. "But hark! What's that? Some agree and covenant before Almighty God and these witnesses to take and keep each other for better or for Worse?"

"We do," came in smothered tones

"Then, by virtue of the authority in me vested, I pronounce you man and wife!" the squire shouted, making a dart at the buggy and flinging back Wilson cried, dashing out upon the the robe. "Come in, come in, you young people," he said. "Leave me to talk to the old man."

"You'll have to, pa. It's you he's mostly mad with," Tennessee said, bride, a tall, pretty girl, mud splashed,

The squire, after one long, gasping stare, was fully himself. "It is my custom and privilege to-ahem!-kiss the bride in such cases," he said, pressing his lips to her forehead; then to his son. "Take her inside, young man. I don't forget you won the farm in winnin her." "No, you don't take her inside," some

one cried from ten yards down the ner cried, shouldering the people aside drive a second after. Old Man Milam had flung himself off his horse and was trying to lay hands upon his

Squire Jordan stepped in front of the angry man. "I reckon our old grudge is settled for us, Henry," he said, holding out his hand. "Say, ain't you ridin tonight some of that same old skewbald stock?"

Old Man Milam nodded. He could not trust himself to speak.

"And it was beat in this runaway race by my same Blackhawk blood. I oughter 'a' known that was Tennessee's span," the squire went on judicially; then, with a whimsical chuckle, "Henry, don't it strike you we've been a couple of fools?"

"It does look sorter that way," Old Man Milam said, and then and there the sharp report heralded by a lurid the pair shook hands, and a feud ended.

THE ADVENT



"You couldn't have a better, squire. I

man in it. I'll bet money you won't

"I'll bet the house and farm she don't

"I'll take the bet. She'll come and

for your askin," a voice said from

the door. Tennessee stood there laugh-

tall and well muscled as his father

was slight and withered, yet the pair

were curiously alike. They had the

same obstinate chins, the same bright

dark eyes, exactly the same level look.

Tennessee made a dash at his father,

caught him under the arms and drew

him to his feet, saying as the squire

fumed and writhed in his hold: "Pa.

you ain't nigh as mad as you think.

Anyway, le's stop quarrelin till after

Christmas. It's jest two weeks off.

TO TAKE AND KEEP EACH OTHER FOR BET-TER OR WORSE. I want a big party Christmas eve.

You've always promised me I might have it when I come 21." "So I have, but you don't deserve it, you young rascal," the squire said.

Promise me what I ask, and you may have a party as long as Christmas, dance and frolic the whole week-yes, till old Christmas if you want to." "You mean about marryin Betty?"

bound to do that, Marse Squire, but I'll promise this-I won't never do it unless you are thar to see and willin it should be done."

"Hurrah! You're givin yourself a long time to wait, sir," the squire said eagerly, then beginning to cut a pigeon wing in his joy. "Now get about your party, sir. We'll make it a rouser, the biggest thing that ever come off in Tiger Tail."

. . . . Notwithstanding Christmas eve fell rainy and dark as the proverbial stack of black cats, everybody came to Tennessee's party. The Jordan house was big and square, with tall outside chimneys and a makeshift gravel drive leading in semicircularly from the two gates upon the big road a hundred yards away. For the party both gates were set open. Everybody rode or drove, even the nearest neighbors. People began coming at dark and kept coming until 9 o'clock.

Even before supper playing began with great spirit. There was a room given up to it indeed, since not a few of the company had religious scruples against even a reel. By and by, when the tables were cleared, there would be dancing.

Tennessee was the life of everything. His father eyed him as he went about smiling, shaking hands, setting every one at lively ease, seeing to everything and seeming to make friendly service a pleasure, with ever growing pride. There were no hostesses.

"We can't ask one of our kin women to help without madding all the rest," the squire had said to Tennessee. Still the supper was miraculous.

Black Peggy rose to the opportunity of her life. "You g'wan 'way, Marse Sprire. Leabe dis yere ter me and Townessee," she had said. The result was a table shaped like

the letter Z. draped in white, garlanded with evergreens, lighted with many candles and showing all down the middle a row of big iced cakes, brave in holly and cut paper trimmings. Besides all that pile of cut cake, at least a dozen sorts, there were nuts, candies, fruit in pyramids, big bowls of wine jelly, other bowls of ambrosia, and all merely as supplement to hot oysters, roast turkey, roast pig, steaming coffee and beaten biscuit.

"Say, squire, no wonder you ain't keen after a housekeeper," Tom Turner said as he took his third help of

Jim Wilson at his elbow nudged him sharply, saying in a stage whisper, "Ain't you got sense enough to know squire and Tennessee ain't namin that subject no more until New Year's?" "I oughter 'a' knowed. I never

thought," Tom said. The squire had walked away without answering. Jim looked after him and said!"It's a plamb shame he wen't be riconciled to Betty Milam, but worse I believe for him and Tennessee to git at cross and pile. They're

size red stockings. They contained a A STOCKING LUNCHEON. Novel Idea For a Christmas Party With Santa Claus In Evidence. The following description of a Christmas luncheon will be welcomed, I am sure, by those who desire a novel way of entertaining their friends at Christmas time. It was given last year by

riments of the Christmas season they salted nuts. thoroughly enjoyed the fun prepared The decorations in the dining room, more especially of the table, were as given needles, darning cotton and original as they were appropriate to the occasion. Stockings were here, there, everywhere, the cakes, cream and decorations as much as possible repeating that form. Covers were laid for 15. In front of each a jolly old Santa Claus, made of confectionery, was weighted down, not by his usual pack, but by a red

stocking containing delicious candies. The name card, consisting of a square gust at the sight. white card edged with gilt, had an ar-The guessing game was extremely tistic sketch of a chimney hung with stockings; below, a suitable greeting, and on the other side a name and date. Suspended from the chandelier by gayly colored ribbons were favors shaped like stockings, made of pale green silk, with lace about the top, and exquisiteper and pencil and was allowed 15 minly painted sprays of holly adorned each

one. Upon close inspection these "little beauties" proved to be sachet bags. Rising from a mass of green in the center of the table was a shapely but diminutive Christmas tree, lighted by small wax tapers and loaded with doll

simple gift of some kind for every girl present, either a thimble, letter opener, pearl handled knife or a stickpin. Between red candles burning under red shades low glass vases held two or more carnations, placed at diagonal corners, wreathed in smilax. Large, sparkling cut glass bowls were piled with fruit and flowers, and in nests of green spun sugar baskets resembling stockings were tilled with bonbons or

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NEIL MACDONALD

Later, after the delightful repast, the girls gathered in the parlor and had a darning contest. They were stockings with holes cut in them and told that they could have 15 minutes to show their skill in darning. When the time was up, a vote was taken to see who merited the prize, the lucky young woman receiving a beautiful calendar. For the knitter who did the poorest work there was a photograph of a stocking with a big hole in the heel and a man gazing at it with uplifted hands, plainly showing his dis-

amusing. A grotesque looking stocking, stuffed full and immense in size, was laid upon the table, and the guests were informed that they were to tell what was inside by merely feeling of it. Each one was given a sheet of pa-

utes to record guesses. The prize for the most correct list was the stocking and contents, and as the stocking was full of comical toys of all kinds the opening of it caused peals of laughter. RUTH VIRGINIA SACKETT.

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